

EarthDance

© Bruce Goodman 1995

A dancing student friend at the Auckland School of Performing Arts was told by a visiting drama tutor that dancers should never presume to speak on stage. My friend's response was that actors should never presume to move.

*In **EarthDance** there is no line between the two - except a performer is often more skilled in one than the other. At first EarthDance may appear as "an awful lot of dancing" - but in fact many of the episodes should be performed by actors rather than dancers. The Actors' Company's presentations of *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Fauning for Douglas* are inspirations for saying this.*

*I see **EarthDance** primarily as a piece of "folk art" - where ordinary artisans (talented though they are) gather on a community arena to celebrate their life and history. There's no great pretension of "art for art's sake" in the work. The creation of the performing space is in some ways a sacred event (done here by Prospero) and akin perhaps to a marae that gives people the right to say what they want with honesty.*

*The Shakespearian passages and extracts do not per se necessitate a knowledge of the works from which they come - but it would of course be richer for an audience member to be Shakespeare-familiar. I don't think the extracts are too much out of the context of the original texts - and if played with the same motivation it would perhaps appear as if we were having fleeting glimpses of the plays themselves. The Shakespeare connoisseur would be moved by *King Lear* and *Cordelia* because they know the play - whereas a pleb could still be moved because they would think it was simply a father and his dead daughter!*

The brief from the Aoraki Committee was to write a piece of dance theatre for the bi-cultural Aoraki Festival that had the theme of Shakespeare and the theme of Masks and Faces. If the bi-cultural element is too one-sided it is because, not only am I only the Pakeha side of bi-culturalism, but there were other circumstances in this matter which made the brief difficult.

*Bruce Goodman
September 1, 1995*

Commissioned by the Aoraki Festival for 1996 and first performed by The Actors' Company on 3 February 1996 at Craigmore Station, South Canterbury. Director: Lex Matheson

***Choreographer: Sherril Cooper
Designer: Linley-Jane Bullen***

PART ONE - THE MOUNTAIN GARDEN

A. PROLOGUE

Music 1. Prelude

B. THE MOUNTAIN GARDEN

Music 2A. Creatures to Landscape

Music 2B. Plant Dance

Music 2C. Insects and Spiders and Reptiles

Music 2D. Kotuku

Music 2E. Birds

Music 2F. Moas

Music 2G. Bats

C. THE ARRIVAL

Music 3A. Maori Migrations

Music 3B. The Last Moa

D. ARDEN TO EDEN

Music 4A. Sails and Storm

Music 4B. Prospero's Arrival

Music 4C. Greensleeves

Music 4D. Shakespeare Departs

PART TWO - FIRE AND WATER

A. INTERMEZZO

Music 1. Oberon and Titania

B. FIRE AND WATER

Music 2. Fire and Water

C. DESECRATION

Music 3A. The Weird Sisters. The Dolphin Net

Music 3B. Death of the Kotuku

Music 3C. Shakespeare's Clowns

Music 3D. Dance of the Parakeets

D. KI TE O MARAMA

Music 4A. Shakespeare's Return

Music 4B. EarthDance

PART ONE - THE MOUNTAIN GARDEN

A. Prologue

1. Prelude

Empty acting area. Prospero enters with staff.

Prospero: Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
 And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew, - by whose aid,
 Weak ministers though ye be, I have bedimmed
 The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art.

Music 1 ends.

But this rough magic
 I here abjure: and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music - which even now I do -

2A. Creatures to Landscape

Music begins.

To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book

Prospero remains as if he controls the performance.

B. The Mountain Garden

2A. Creatures to Landscape continues.

Performers appear as waves of the ocean - the tide coming in and retreating. They form a sea bed of cloth.

Dancers roll as Moeraki Boulders.

There is a choreography of white tentacle-like arms appearing through holes in cloth which forms the sea bed. It becomes a sea of sea anemones.

Jellyfish, starfish, chitons, crabs and primitive worms and fish appear. There is the business of primeval soup.

Dolphins appear and play in unison. It builds.

One by one the creatures die and sink to form a sea bed of bones.

Clarence: *(spoken by Prospero)* Wedges of gold, great ingots, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatt'ed in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scatt'ed by.

The sea floor rises to form the Southern Alps. The Alps stand triumphant.

(The Alps are somehow contrived to remain a constant part of the landscape without the aid of the performers.)

Prospero exits. The Land waits for life.

2B. Plant Dance

Performers appear as plants growing. It could be as in time-lapse filming.

Ferns unfurl. Cabbage trees sprout bizarrely.

Other trees grow straight and tall.

Pohutukawa, Rata and Clematis blossom.

Vines entwine.

The Flora waits for animals.

2C. Insects and Spiders and Reptiles

Insects become busy. Spiders weave webs. A Giant Weta plods its dance - a la Chinese dragon. Lizards and Tuatara forage and scavenge - dinosaurs even. They tear red cloth with their teeth.

2D. Kotuku

Two Kotuku dance a duet - perhaps in mirrors. It is a Romeo-Juliet scenario. (Option: There is a voice-over during the Kotuku dance - or perhaps actors are scattered through the audience).

Voice (Sonnet 97): How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness everywhere!
 And yet this time removed was summer's time,
 The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit,
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away the very birds are mute.
 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

2E. Birds

Flocks of Birds scatter.

2F. Moas

Moa dance and graze.

2G. Bats

Bats hang.

C. The Arrival

3A. Maori Migration

Waka appear - perhaps as in the famous painting of Kupe's arrival. More and more arrive. The choreography, while having elements of traditional Maori movement, should go beyond it. They establish themselves in the place.

3B. The Last Moa

Moas appear and are brutally killed. Perhaps the Moa defends itself with a stabbing leg. Its standing leg is smashed with a long club. The Moas try to rise on their broken legs. They die.

Silence.

D. Arden to Eden

4A. Sails and Storm

A hornpipe is heard afar. The Maoris listen and go. Sailors are seen dancing in another stage area.

Suddenly white sails of European sailing ships appear over the brow of the hill - dancing on the ocean motion.

Prospero enters to create a huge storm. Music finishes. Storm noise. (Note: the Storm noise is not part of the provided soundscape tape). The storm from the opening of "The Tempest" is enacted.

Master: Bos'n!

Boatswain: Here, Master: what cheer?

Master: Good: speak to th'mariners: fall to't - yarely - or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir.

He goes. Enter mariners.

Boatswain: Heigh my hearts! cheerly, cheerly my hearts... yare, yare... take in the topsail... tend to th'master's whistle... Blow till thou burst thy wind - if room enough!

Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others come on deck.

Alonso: Good bos'n, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatswain: I pray now, keep below.

- Antonio:** Where is the master, bos'n?
- Boatswain:** Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
- Gonzalo:** Nay, good, be patient.
- Boatswain:** Where the sea is... Hence!
What care these roarers for the name of king?
To cabin... Silence... trouble us not!
- Gonzalo:** Good, yet remember whom thou hast on board.
- Boatswain:** None that I love more than myself... You are a Councillor - if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority... If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap... Cheerly, good hearts... Out of our way, I say.

He goes.

- Gonzalo:** I have great comfort from this fellow... Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows... Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging, make the rope of destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage... If he be born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

They go below. Boatswain returns.

- Boatswain:** Down with the topmast... yare, lower! bring her to try with main-course... (*A cry is heard below*) A plague upon this howling... they are louder than the weather, or our office...

Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo return.

- Boatswain:** Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?
- Sebastian:** A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!
- Boatswain:** Work you, then.
- Antonio:** Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.
- Gonzalo:** I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstaunched wench.

Boatswain: Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! lay her off!

Enter mariners wet.

Mariners: All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatswain: What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonzalo: The king and prince at prayers. Let's assist them.
For our case is theirs.

Sebastian: I am out of patience.

Antonio: We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards -
This wide-chopped rascal - would though mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gonzalo: He'll be hanged yet,
Thou every drop of water swear against it,
And gape as wid'st to glut him.
(*A confused noise below*) Mercy on us! -
We split, we split! - Farewell, my wife and children! -
Farewell, brother! - We split, we split, we split!

Antonio: Let's all sink wi' th'king.

Sebastian: Let's take our leave of him.

They go below.

Gonzalo: Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea - for an acre of
barren ground - long, heath; brown furze, any thing... The wills
above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!

The storm abates.

4B. Prospero's Arrival

Music resumes. Calm. The white sails continue. Maori enter.

*Europeans settlers alight. On the last ship stands Prospero, who removes his
Prospero cloak to reveal Shakespeare in Elizabethan garb. Music ends.*

Shakespeare: What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite
in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable in
action, how like an angel in apprehension, how like a god: the

beauty of the world; the paragon of animals; and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

4C. Greensleeves

Europeans perform a gentle dance to the amusement and bewilderment - and perhaps imitation - of the Maori. Music ends.

Shakespeare gives a tome of his works to the Europeans - it is like a formal presentation with applause.

Europeans open tome and begin to perform. Quince, Bottom, Snug, Flute, Snout and Starveling enter.

Quince: Is all our company here?

Bottom: You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip. First good Peter Quince, say what the plot treats on: then read the names of the actors: and so grow to a point.

Quince: Marry, our play is "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby".

Bottom: A very good piece of work I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Master, spread yourselves.

Quince: Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bottom: Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince: You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom: What is Pyramus? a lover, a tyrant?

Quince: A lover that kills himself, most gallant for love.

Bottom: That will take some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms: I will condole in some measure. To the rest - yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates,
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far

And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

- Bottom:** This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling.
- Quince:** Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
- Flute:** Here, Peter Quince.
- Quince:** Flute, you must take Thisby on you.
- Flute:** What is Thisby? a wand'ring knight?
- Quince:** It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
- Flute:** Nay, faith: let not me play a woman: I have a beard coming.
- Quince:** That's all one: you shall play it in a mask: and you may speak as small as you will.
- Bottom:** An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. "Thisne, Thisne" - "Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear."
- Quince:** No, no, you must play Pyramus: and Flute, you Thisby.
- Bottom:** Well, proceed.
- Quince:** Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Stout, the tinker.
- Snout:** Here, Peter Quince.
- Quince:** You, Pyramus' father, myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part: and I hope here a play is fitted.
- Snug:** Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me: for I am slow of study.
- Quince:** You may do it extempore: for it is nothing but roaring.
- Bottom:** Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again: let him roar again."

Quince: An you could do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek: and that were enough to hang us all.

All: That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom: I grant you, friends if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you as 'twere a nightingale.

Quince: You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom: Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince: Why, what you will.

Bottom: I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince: Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you will play barefaced... But, masters, here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bottom: We will meet, and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect: adieu.

Quince: At the duke's oak we meet.

Bottom: Enough: hold, or cut bow-strings.

4D. Shakespeare Departs

Music starts straight away. Bottom gives the Shakespeare tome to the Maori by placing it on the ground. They approach and reject it.

Shakespeare departs, with Europeans gesturing to come back. He doesn't.

INTERVAL

PART TWO - FIRE AND WATER

A. Intermezzo

1. Oberon and Titania

Oberon and Titania appear in fairy processions. Music ends.

Oberon: Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania: These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
 Contagious fogs: which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud
 That they have overbourne their continents.
 The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard;
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
 The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
 For lack of tread are indistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter cheer;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the lap of the crimson rose,
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension:
 We are their parents and original.

Oberon: Do you amend it then: it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

B. Fire and Water

A Maori man and a Pakeha woman appear. (Perhaps there are a number of couples).

Puck: Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence - who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear...
Churl upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

Lorenzo: In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica: In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lorenzo: In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in his hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica: In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Eason.

Lorenzo: In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew...

Jessica: In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well...

- Antony:** ... All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'tis thou
Has sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.
- Cleopatra:** ... I have immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip...
I am fire and air; my others elements
I give to baser life.
- Othello:** O my fair warrior!
- Desdemona:** My dear Othello!
- Othello:** It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death.
- Romeo:** But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou, her maid, art fair more fair than she.
- Puck:** Yet but three? Come one more.
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
- Juliet:** O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name...
- Side 1:** Deny thy father!
Side 2: Refuse thy name!

This chant of both sides is repeated six times, and then the music starts.

2. Fire and Water

Romeo and Juliet dance a duet - each moving in a way that suggests a different cultural tradition. They end embraced. Elders from each culture separate them. However, Oberon and Titania and their parties support differing sides. It is their battle.

This dissension melts briefly into the famous painting of the Treaty of Waitangi.

From there it goes into Land Wars. Pakeha push back Maori. Fairies scatter. Maori go.

Pakeha settlers plant/plough/mine/forest in the sunshine. Perhaps some plants return, along with sheep, cows, pigs, etc.

Shylock appears.

Shylock: He hath disgraced me and hindred me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies - and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

3A. The Weird Sisters/The Dolphin Net begins here. Pakeha snub Shylock and go fishing as for next section.

The Weird Sisters from "Macbeth" appear.

Sisters: *(during music)* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i'th' dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Silvered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slap:
Add thereto a tiger's chaldron,
For th'ingredience of our cauldron.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

C. Desecration

3A. The Dolphin Net Music continues.

Dolphins are caught in nets and die. Music ends.

Sisters: Round about the cauldron go:
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot!

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3B. Death of the Kotuku

A kotuku dies in an oil slick. Like most of these sections, it echoes the Romeo-Juliet motif. Music ends.

Sisters: Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good...
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

3C. Shakespeare's Clowns

Shakespeare's Clowns enter and dance. It is like a fair ground. These figures now form a chorus at the back. Pakeha and Maori enter on either side.

Sisters: Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Harpier cries: - 'Tis time, 'tis time.

Sisters go.

3D. Dance of the Parakeets

"Romeo" and others approach as if entering the city. They come in four "waves" - perhaps the first group are Dudes, the second Fa'afafine, more Dudes... It is entertaining and should beguile the audience into a sense of enjoyment before park bench tramps, street kids, prostitutes, vagrants, alcoholics, AIDS victims, etc, emerge out of this city life. The people are neurotic and lonely and we see what happened to the Dolphins and Kotuku as happening to humans. It is a display of suffering (rather than sordid) reality.

During the scene, King Lear passes through carrying the body of Cordelia.

Lear: We two alone will sing like birds i'th'cage;
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies.

The Romeo figure survives. Music ends.

Romeo: Look. Here, and there, and there, and there and yonder are all burial places, not ancestral burial places, but those of this generation. Our parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, children, they lie thick around us. We are but a poor remnant now, and the Pakeha will soon see us all die out. But even in my time, we Ngai Tahu were a large and powerful tribe, stretching from Cook Strait to Akaroa. The wave which brought Rauparaha and his allies to the strait, washed him over to the southern island. He went through us, fighting and burning and slaying. At Kaikoura, at Kaiapoi and at other of our strongholds, hundreds and hundreds of our people fell, hundreds more were carried off as slaves, and hundreds died of cold and starvation in their flight. We are now dotted in our families, few and far between, where we formerly lived as tribes. Our families are few and we cannot rear them.

Romeo: But we had a worse enemy than ever Rauparaha, and that was the visit of the Pakeha with drink and disease. You think us very corrupted, but the very scum of Port Jackson were shipped as whalers or landed as sealers on this coast. They brought us new plagues, unknown to our ancestors, until our people melted away. This was one of our largest settlements, and it was beyond even the reach of Rauparaha. We lived secure and feared no enemy; but one year, when I was a youth, a ship came from Sydney, and she brought measles among us. It was winter then, it is winter now. It was winter. In a few months most of the people sickened and died. Whole families on this spot disappeared and left no one to represent them. My people lie all around us. And now you can see why we cannot part with this portion of our land, and why we were angry when you sent the surveyor in to measure it out.*

* *This speech is taken mainly from that given by Tuhawaiki to Wakefield in 1844.*

Margaret and Elizabeth of "Richard III" appear to make lament. These women come from both the Maori and the Pakeha sides. It is as if the women bring about some reconciliation and hope.

Margaret: I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him;
Thous hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Elizabeth: O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Margaret: Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach them how to curse.

Elizabeth: My words are dull; O, quicken them with with thine!

Margaret: Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine.

Margaret: I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him;
Thous hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

All go, except for the Dead.

D. Ki Te O Marama

4A. Shakespeare's Return

White sails of European appear. On the last ship stands Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools...

There is a powhiri to Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages... At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then a soldier
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part... The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound... Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness...

4B. EarthDance

All enter and dance in celebration - taking their bows.

Exit Cast pursued by a Bear (or by Bottom with ass's head).

Shakespeare: *(to audience)* These our actors were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakespeare exits.

THE END